

## IN THE RAIN.

In the rain  
Perched upon my window-pane  
Sat a sparrow sleek and vain,  
Whispering soft and low and sane,  
Chirping sharp and clear refrain:  
"Let me in!"  
"Let me in!"

Fast the rain  
Dashed over the window-pane;  
Why should I complain or complain,  
Scarcely a foothold to retain?  
Bolder now she will refrain:  
"Let me in!"  
"Let me in!"

How the rain  
Surges against the window-pane;  
I will breast it might and main,  
Open wide; now, not in vain!  
Soft the wet thing's glad refrain:  
"I am in!"  
"I am in!"

Fierce the rain  
Struggling at my window-pane,  
Hark! mid city's roar and din  
Voices of human waifs in sin!  
Of the darkness street and lane,  
With moans and wails, cries of pain,  
Sobbing like the sobbing rain,  
This, O God, the sad refrain:  
"Take me in!"  
"Take me in!"  
—Frances Fenton Sanborn, in the Boston Transcript.

## THE TOBOGGAN.

A Tale of the Italian Fishing Fleet.

By BERNARD BARRY.

IN the little cottage on the southern slope of Telegraph Hill, Nita was repeating many Ave Marias before an atrocious lithograph of the Madonna. The fog-horn had been growling all morning, and her father and her lover were out with the fishing fleet. For every Ave she offered up for Louis, the lover, she offered two for her father, the Padrone. Every one connected with the fishing industry in San Francisco knew the Padrone, and his advice was the law of the fishermen. Even those who had incurred his disfavor at times bore him no ill-will, for the heart of that gentle, gray-haired giant was as soft as his biceps were hard. Nita loved him as only a petted but unspoiled child could. Even Louis was not half so dear to her as the father—her method of praying showed that.

Just at that time Louis and the Padrone were greatly in need of prayer, or perhaps more material assistance. A tug-boat—certainly steaming much faster than the half speed prescribed by law for vessels in the fog—had made matchwood out of their little boat. Louis and the Padrone plunged almost simultaneously into the cold water just in time to avoid being entangled in the debris. The tug may or may not have returned to investigate the damage. At any rate, it did not find Louis or the Padrone, who were left foundering in the sea.

"Boots off, Louis," called the Padrone, almost cheerily: "we must swim till we reach the islands, or till the fog lifts." He wanted to keep the younger man from realizing how hopeless was their condition. In a short time they divested themselves of their boots and their outer clothing, for they were both good swimmers.

"This way. The Farallones are this way. Follow close, but save your strength," said the Padrone. He was completely lost, but there were volumes of confidence and hope in his voice. The men struck out, breasting the waves with strong, sturdy strokes. They swam for several hours; but the fog did not lift or thin in the least. Louis began to tire, and the Padrone heard him gasping for breath. "Courage, boy, for Nita," he cried. But Louis's strength was fast giving out.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," ventured the Padrone; "I can tow you."

"No," panted Louis; "I can not last. Save yourself."

"It is for Nita, boy. You must be saved," said the Padrone, sharply; "in the name of God, listen!—the breakers! There is land ahead!"

The young man struck out desperately, and the Padrone, swimming behind, with one powerful arm pushed him forward, holding him by the hair and the other hand. A heavy roller caught the pair, hurling Louis up on an exceedingly small area of sandy beach. But the Padrone was not so fortunate. He was dashed against a high rock on one side of the beach, and though he managed to crawl over to Louis, his left knee was painfully crippled. They lay breathless on the sand for some time.

Apparently they were in a little gully, with walls running perpendicularly, and the floor sloping upward at a sharp angle.

"Holy Mary!" whispered the Padrone. Out of the mist above came the sharp bark of the seal. Louis was too much exhausted to realize what it meant. But the Padrone knew. The seals would soon become alarmed, and coming sliding down that narrow slope seeking the water, after their custom when alarmed. Several more commenced to bark. The Padrone looked upward in despair. Several feet above, on one of the walls, a little ledge of rock jutted outward like a shelf.

"Thank God!" muttered the Padrone: "I can save you for Nita. Yes, the old man will save her Louis for his little girl."

He dragged himself quickly to his feet, though the sharp pain in his knee made him wince. The seals were thoroughly aroused by this time. Rapidly gauging the distance with his eye, the Padrone seized the unconscious young man in his arms and tossed him softly up on the ledge.

The Padrone could hear the sound of the seals' flippers as they began their descent. He bowed his head to receive death, with a prayer on his lips. But in the kaleidoscopic flashes of recollection that came to men at such times, came the momentary remembrance of the days when he stood shoulder to shoulder with the red-shirted men in Italy to recite the charges of Pio Nono's troops. He lifted his head with fierce pride and shook his fist defiantly.

"Viva Garibaldi!" shouted the Padrone, raising the old battle cry with his last breath. For the seals slid down upon him in a frenzied mass, crushing him to death and rolling his body into the sea.

The story of Louis's rescue covered

nearly a page of a certain enterprising journal, for he was found and brought back to San Francisco in a specially chartered tug by two of their reporters. After they had photographed and interviewed him to their heart's content, he hurried off to Fisherman's Wharf.

"Where is the Padrone?" was the first inquiry hurled at him fiercely. "Dog! Coward! Where is the Padrone?" And the fishermen gathered about him with their fists.

Louis seemed not to see or fear the angry looks. He had been thinking of the ordeal of facing Nita with the news.

"It was at the little cove on Saddle Rock," he replied doggedly. "I was half dead, and he threw me up on the ledge. Then the seals slid down and killed him."

"Dog! Beast!" came the angry chorus. "How dare you come back to tell it. Death to the coward!" And several knives were drawn.

Marmel, a tall, wiry Italian, who, next to the Padrone, held highest authority over the men, pushed Louis into a shed, where the fish were stored, and blocked the doorway.

"Wait!" he cried sharply. "Listen to reason. We will leave the matter to the daughter of the Padrone. If she desires it, we will send him to her. If not—we will punish. Pedro—go and find what she wishes."

A stalwart young fisherman quickly started on the errand, and returned with an expression of savage joy in his swarthy face, for he had been an admirer of Nita.

"She says that she does not wish to see him again," he panted.

A cry of approval rose from the crowd. "Death to the coward!" they insisted.

"It is decided, then," said Marmel, calmly. "We will take him back to Saddle Rock, to die a coward's death, where he might have died a man's."

We want no cowards in the fishing fleet. Pedro, we will go in your boat."

Four fishermen, turned executioners, glided out through the Golden Gate in Pedro's boat. Louis lay in the bottom bound, sullen and silent with bitter resignation. A fresh northeaster brought them to Saddle Rock just before sunset.

"Good!" said Marmel, eagerly. "The seals are there. Quick, boys, before they become frightened."

The seal clattered down, and two of the men bent to the oars. Marmel picked up the helpless Louis and hurled him up on the beach with all his strength, then pushed off with his leg. The men backed desperately with the oars, and the little craft drew off, none too soon, for the foremost seal collided forcibly with the bottom of the boat.

When the men looked at the little beach again it was deserted.

In the little cottage on Telegraph Hill, Nita offered Ave's to the Madonna's picture for the repose of her father's soul. No one prayed for the soul of Louis, whose only crime was ill-luck.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## The Dimensions of a Whale.

Captain Davis, one of the most famous of the old-time American whalers, gives these as the dimensions of a right whale yielding 250 barrels of oil:

"The blubber of such a whale," he says, "is half a yard thick, and if put together in a strip would be sixty-six feet long and twenty-seven feet wide. The upper jaw would make a room nine feet high and twenty feet long. The lips and throat of the brute, with the supporting jawbones, will weigh as much as twenty-five oxen of 1000 pounds each. The tongue alone will often weigh as much as ten oxen."

"The spread of the lips is thirty feet. He can take in fifty barrels of water at each mouthful. When feeding a whale as big as that sits a track of sea a quarter of a mile long and fifteen feet wide in one run. Then he raises his head, forces his mighty tongue into the cavity of his whalebone sieve and drives the water out with immense force."

"The tail of a right whale is twenty-five feet broad and six feet deep, and the point of junction with the body is about four feet in diameter. In it lie tendons as big around as a man's leg."

"The greatest blood vessels are more than a foot in diameter. The blood that is forced through them by a heart as big as a hoghead runs in torrents heated to 104 degrees."

"The respiratory canal is more than a foot in diameter. The rush of air through it is as noisy as the exhaust pipe of a thousand horse power steam engine, and when the fatal wound is given a cataract of clotted blood is scattered over the hunters, so hot and nauseating that the crew of a whale-boat often becomes helplessly sick."

Washington Star.

## Why She Cooked It.

The happy faced man swung on to a College avenue car, and this was the story he had to tell as an explanation for his good humor:

"I have a good joke on my wife. We have a new girl, a German, just over from the fatherland. She is a hard and willing worker, but is greatly in need of judgment and common sense. Yesterday my wife ordered fish and instructed the girl to serve it for dinner. As soon as I tasted it I knew there would be something interesting when my wife discovered it was not as fresh as it should be. Her first mouthful caused her to ring for the girl."

"Mary, is this the fish that came today?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Didn't you know it was not good when you cooked it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why did you cook it?"

"Well, you bought it, and I thought you knew it, too."—Indianapolis News.

## The Wombat and the Auto.

At last an animal has been found whose fur is suitable for automobile coats. Bearskin, the fur of foxes, lynxes, minks and other animals have been tried, but they were not durable when exposed to the pelting of dust and gravel, and they were easily soiled by gasoline, grease and rain. The wombat is the animal which has come to the rescue of auto cranks. It is a member of the marsupial family, and hails from Australia and New Zealand. The fur can be dyed nearly any color, but brown has been found to stand the test better than any other shade. So valuable are the wombat pelts for auto coats that they are not used for any other purpose.—New York Press.

## AS IT IS SPOKE.

She—You say your automobile has been acting strangely all day?

He—Yes; it has stopped I don't know how many times.

She—And what are you putting the oil on it for?

He—To stop it stopping.—Yonkers Statesman.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Effects a permanent cure. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 561 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The reputations of our ancestors don't do us much good when we are looking for a job.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease. It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Drugists and Shoe Stores. Do not accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

When fortune knocks at the door some people don't answer for fear it might be a collector.

James P. Pico's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOMAS ROBINSON, 1135, Maple St., Norwich, N.Y., Feb. 17, 1903.

The fellow who is run over by an automobile is apt to have that tired feeling.

## No Hair?

My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once.—Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

100¢ a bottle. All druggists.

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## AGRICULTURAL.

## No Oats in Orchards.

It has been many years since I first made the statement that a crop of oats is the next thing to a fire in an orchard. This feeling was forced upon me by the many injurious results I had seen in the orchards of others (but never in my own), and I have seen no reason to change or modify the statement.

All the small grains are injurious to orchards of any age. While the trees are young and a large part of the ground is not permeated by their roots, hence is not needed for their use, it is both reasonable and wise to utilize that part of it with temporary crops. But these crops should be such as require tillage and especially in the spring and early summer. Corn is not a bad crop, if not planted too close to the trees. Potatoes, sweet potatoes, manure, cotton, melons or almost anything that requires frequent stirring of the soil will do.

But oats the worst of all the small grains for orchards, because they not only draw largely on the fertility of the soil but require a very great quantity of moisture. There are great differences between crops in the amount of water necessary to pass through them to the air from the soil in the course of growth. Oats are among the most greedy in this respect. Anyone who has farmed very much knows how an oat crop leaves the ground. And then, it grows so late in the season. It is after rye and wheat are in the shock, and sometimes stacked and threshed, that the oat crop is cut. Whatever may be done or not done with the orchard soil does not afflict it with an oat crop.—H. E. Van Deman, in Vick's Magazine.

## A Lamb Creep.

When the lambs get about two or three weeks of age, they will begin to pick at the hay and grain. They will soon want to be eating themselves. To have them do their best they must have a separate place from the ewes to eat, where they can go at will when they feel hungry—which is termed a lamb creep, extending across one end of the barn where there is an abundance of sunlight. In here put flat-bottomed troughs extending the whole length of the apartment, with a board extending along the troughs, six inches above the sides, to prevent the lambs from getting their feet into it, as a lamb is very dainty about having his food clean. In here give them crushed oats, wheat bran, corn meal ground coarsely, and all meal in the same proportion as I advised for the ewes.

After they have learned to eat well, increase the feed until they have all they will eat. If any feed is over, clean it out each morning and feed it to the ewes, as the troughs must be kept clean in order to have them relish their food. Lambs that are made perfectly happy and contented (as it is the happy lambs that grow and put on flesh, being fed in this manner will be ready for market at eight or ten weeks of age, weighing from thirty to forty pounds or more, and will bring more net profit for the feed consumed than at any other age. But if the lamb is going to spend his life on the farm, instead of going to the butcher's block, I would recommend a different grain ration. I would feed but little corn meal, if any, keep his frame growing, give plenty of outdoor exercise, and let him develop naturally; then he will have more stamina when he grows to be a sheep.—American Cultivator.

## Care of Sitting Hens.

Hens should sit for one week before placing eggs under them. Never remove a hen from her usual place of sitting, as she will not sit upon the eggs. If outside of henhouse, place a box over her to prevent her from being disturbed. In preparing nests, clean well, sprinkle about with kerosene, and place ashes and some soft hay in the bottom. The number of eggs should not exceed fifteen or go below thirteen. Don't let her off at all the first day, and after that once a day. Have some kind of inclosure to keep her from running off.

Feed whole shelled corn and always provide fresh water. If the ground is hard, loosen with spade or supply soft soil for dusting. If the hen is restless, better remove the eggs, as they must not be allowed to become cold. While hatching, she must be fastened on. Before removal to coop, rub well with salt.

After hatching, the best coop for young chickens is a barrel. After seven or eight weeks, remove to large boxes with ground floor. Place peeps and bricks about the barrels to prevent rolling, and boxes to keep vermin from burrowing underneath the edge. Place ashes and a little hayseed in bottom of coops and change and clean often, sprinkling with kerosene. Give all the air you can without exposing them to night marauders.

After the first twenty-four hours feed four times each day while young. After a week or ten days feed cracked and whole corn. Fresh water should always be kept accessible to the chicks. Never let out during stormy days or early wet mornings, when they are small. When the time comes to wean the chicks, leave it to the mother.—James A. Patterson, in New England Homestead.

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## DOCTOR ADVOCATED OPERATION--

## PE-RU-NA MADE KNIFE UNNECESSARY.

CATARHIS is a very frequent cause of that class of diseases popularly known as female weakness.

Catarh is the pelvic organs produces such a variety of disagreeable and irritating symptoms that many people—in fact, the majority of people—have no idea that they are caused by catarrh.

If all the women who are suffering with any form of female weakness would write to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, and give him a complete description of their symptoms and the peculiarities of their troubles, he will immediately reply with complete directions for treatment, free of charge.

Mrs. Eva Bartho, 133 East 12th street, N. Y. City, N. Y., writes:

"I suffered for three years with leucorrhea and ulceration of the womb. The doctor advocated an operation which I dreaded very much, and strongly objected to go under it. Now I am a changed woman. Peruna cured me; it took nine bottles, but I felt so much improved I kept taking it, as I dreaded an operation so much. I am to-day in perfect health and have not felt so well for fifteen years."—Mrs. Eva Bartho.

Miss Maud Steinbach, 1309 12th St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

"Last winter I felt sick most of the time, was irregular and suffered from nervous exhaustion and severe bearing down pains. I had so frequently heard of Peruna and what wonderful cures it performed, so I sent for a bottle, and in four weeks my health and strength were entirely restored to me."—Miss Maud Steinbach.

Everywhere the women are using Peruna and praising it. Peruna is not a palliative simply; it cures by removing the cause of female diseases.

Dr. Hartman has probably cured more women of female ailments than any other living physician. He makes these cures simply by using and recommending Peruna.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

His Blackstorian Circumlocution.

"I received, this afternoon," said the bright-eyed, common-sense girl, the while a slight blush of maidenly coyness tinted her pink-lipped cheeks, a written proposal of marriage from Horace J. Pikelong, the rising young attorney, and—

"Huh! that pertified dub!" jealously ejaculated the young dry goods dealer, who had been hanging back because of his timidity and excessive adoration.

"He says," proceeded the maiden, gently ignoring the interruption, and reading aloud from the interesting document, "I have carefully and comprehensively analyzed my feelings towards you, and the result is substantially as follows: I respect, admire, adore and love you, and hereby give, grant and convey to you my heart and all my interest, right and title in and to the same, together with all my

possessions and emoluments, either won, inherited or in any other manner acquired, gained, anticipated or expected, with full and complete power to use, expend, utilize, give away, bestow or otherwise make use of the same, anything heretofore stated, expressed, implied or understood, in or by my previous condition, standing, walk, attitude or action, to the contrary notwithstanding; and I

"I—I—" fairly shouted the listener, springing to his feet, and extending his arms. "Miss Brisk—Maud—I love you! Will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will!" promptly answered the lass, as she contentedly snuggled up in his encircling embrace. "And I'll reply to the ponderous appeal of that pedantic procrustator with one expressive slangism, 'Nitt!' I am yours, Clarence."—June Smart Set.